

## Through The Eyes Of IT by littleearstaryn

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**Summary:** What actually is IT like? A hopefully humourous biography of a monster that scared the world Very OOC NO SLASH

# 1. Chapter 1

## Through the Eyes of It

This is my first ever story so please be nice, though constructive criticism is appreciated. This story has been rated M as there will be violence as it is based on a horror story that scared many people half to death. There is a lot of OOC but when I can stick to the facts I will. And the whole time frame is not correct anything that was mentioned in the novel is as close to possibly right. I of course own IT, I merely use the pseudonym of Stephen King to hide my identity. This story is rated M for a reason there is VIOLENCE and COARSE language.

Thanks to tash (hopeless lady dreamer) for giving me IT to read, she is the one to blame for all those who hate this story.

Hello there. My name is Bob Gray and this is the story of my life from MY point of view. Not from that of those stupid kids, who were accurately called the Losers for good reason. They are so blinded by the whole killing is wrong crap. They kill things, I have seen these humans, on all the years that I have been alive killing many things, killing each other, those that are weaker or more different. They don't do anything with the bodies, they just bury them, if you are killed by a human, chances are you gave your life in vain. It was wasted, nothing was gained when you died.

So where should I start? Well I was hatched out of an egg many many years ago. I walked the earth with dinosaurs and I ate many of them. Not the big T-rexes, they always gave me heart burn as they were too big. I preferred the smaller ones like the ones that eat that girl in *The Lost World*.

I don't remember my early years, I was created in the Macroverse, a void outside of the planet earth. I am unaware how I came to be part of Earth, all I know is that I awoke before the Christian....I don't know what you would call him, you humans but his name was Jesus. He wasn't a bad guy..really. Though I couldn't help but mess up his life a little bit. You know the guy who betrayed him? Judas from memory I believe, I told him to betray Jesus. People like Jesus get power too quickly and when they do they suck up all negative energy

and turn people like me into fucking girl guides selling cookies at some man's door.

I was around when the old boy was born. I was in the barn watching his mother give birth. Nasty stuff that birth thing, lots of blood, pain and crap and all you get is a little shit to show all that effort you go threw! Call me stupid but what moron does that for no reward, especially when you get a kid like Jesus..

Mary was screaming her head off the whole time. They make it sound so nice in the bible but I was thinking of eating her, the husband and the kid just so I could get some sleep. But they bought the three wise men, people wonder why they were never heard from again after seeing the little guy, I ate them when they left the barn.

I knew this Jesus guy was special. He had that funny smell. But he was a typical teenager, annoying as hell, he almost didn't make it thought to make bread and fish come from the sky, his mother almost killed him.

Well I suppose you want to know how I killed Jesus indirectly? I instructed Judas to betray him. I intrusted him and he went and talked to the fucking Romans, useless idiots, only thing they ever did was invent ice cream.

I crept up behind Judas, while he was outside meditating or some shit like that. I talked to him and out thoughts in his mind. I told him that if he was to go to the authorities and tell them what was happening he would be rewarded. He was a bit harder to crack but when I slipped in that it was a test set by Jesus that only a person that truly cared about humanity was worthy to be at his right hand side. So his mind was not that hard to crack and it did not take long before he ran off to some Roman to tell them what evil was being spread.

Though in a way I'm sure he helped humanity, we don't need any more people like Jesus in the world and the longer he was around the more people that would have gotten his message, he's like a virus.

He was taking away the next day, yelling messages of goodwill and that kind of crap, like God would have vengeance, he was wrong,

God did not create the universe, there isn't even a god, the universe was created by a stupid Turtle vomiting it up, not as glamorous but closer to the truth. Though there was also a little bit of the old weed hanging around, yes the "messiah" was nothing more than a pot smoking hobo who really could have done with a shower every few years.

I was there when he was crucified, what a baby he cried his eyes out, you wouldn't think he was a man at all. He blubbered the whole time like a tap. Though we didn't have taps then. He could have solved the entire water crisis time in Australia, there in drought at the moment for those who didn't know that.

He took a little while to die, I thought one of the other crucifieds would kill him from all that annoying noises he made about forgiveness and all the gospel stories he was able to tell. Ok, he didn't have much else to do while he was hanging there but come on, have some respect for the dying, they don't really care what some random guy who needs a shave and a breath mint thinks.

I spent my initial years on this planet in a hole eating animals as I was not strong enough to eat a human. Even though humans are incredibly stupid, it does take some skill to catch and eat them. I was less than 8 human years before I could manage a whole one myself. I would practise on rabbits and other small mammals, reptiles don't taste all that nice.

I won't bore you with stupid details like where I was born and when, all I can tell you is that it was a long time ago and in a place far away from wherever you are. My parents I don't know, I'm not aware I have any. I will however tell you about my first kill which I am very proud of.

You may not have realised but I love to kill. I love choking the life out of something and eating it. To feel the life slowly seep out and to be able to consume it and make it part of my body. Killing also has a thrill in it, a rush that no drug can give you, ecstasy has nothing on killing a real thing, the feeling is unimaginable.

It was a very, very long time. I believe I was in a place that is now called Africa. I was walking around, I was appearing as a native man

and I looked quite athletic and fit then. I was hungry and I was getting curious about eating people, what it would taste like and how I could do it.

It was a boy who would be my first victim, he was about 15 years old and had a nice physique. He was collecting water from a river. I strode over to him and spoke. I asked if needed help carrying water back to his village. He declined politely. I was thinking, this was harder then I imagined. I walked off, not defeated but I had met a barrier, a barrier that had to be destroyed.

So I took another form in the forest. A little girl, about 6 years old. He was a nice boy, I could see it and he had a heart of gold and who could resist a little innocent girl that was about to have her family killed by a stranger in the village.

I ran towards him look dishevelled and a general mess. I was screaming my little lungs out. He turned around, as I predicted he would. I ran to him sobbing. "I'm sorry mister, but there is a madman in the village, he is about to kill my family".

So of course the unsuspecting idiot chased after me. I "fell over" and he bent down to scoop me up. I grabbed his shoulder and smiled evilly. He looked confused. I pulled myself up. Looking him in the eye hard and chuckled in a girlish laugh. "You should be more careful who you follow home. Some might want to knock that handsome face of its shoulders." I didn't waste any time. I grabbed one arm and ripped it out of his socket, the way I would when I meet Georgie Denborough on that fateful night. He looks at me like he can not believe what he is seeing. "What kind of a monster are you?" he asks. "The mind that eat you slowly and leave you screaming I reply". In one swipe I ripped his head off. The tendons came with it and it made a screeching sound and crack as the bones in his neck snapped into tiny little bits. The muscle made to stretch and then came apart like an ockey strap and snapped like the tendons.

With that I began to feast, I slowly ate him, I enjoyed every last moment as well. Human taste different to animal, there is more life and virility. The meat is nicer as well, more tender and with a stronger more pleasant flavour. The blood isn't anywhere near as vile as that of a bird. A lot sweeter, like a red wine that's a bit off.

That first human never tasted so nice, it's a shame eating and changing shape takes a lot of energy. If I had a mother they would say "see things always taste better when you work for them". They are right, it does. Off to sleep of that long meal, but I will be back to continue my life story.

A/N well for those of u who actually read that..please review, flames keep me warm and let me no how to remove, oh and btw im an atheist and not a racist so please no one take offence it's all a bit of fun. I'd appreciate any positive comments, so I wont go emo. Thanks anyways

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## 2. Chapter 2

Well if your reading this, you must have enjoyed the last chapter, or feel like you have to (Tash and Steph). I still own IT as you all know (please note sarcasm). I'm not really telling this story as a narrative. Its more of an anecdote. In case you didn't realise. Any chapter ideas would be appreciated as I love to here what other people have to say. So once again I hope you enjoy.

I slept for quite a while, twenty eight years to be exact. Now, you may be aware that I have an enemy that is known as the turtle. Now this "Turtle" is my arch rival, he is the good in the world where as I am the evil, we are each others mirror images. The Turtle is my natural enemy but also my creator. Just so you all know, there is no God, just an ancient, overweight turtle that had a terrible stomach ache and vomited up the universe.

I was an accident from the turtle. A creature like me should never have been created, the Queen of the Deadlights. I will never know why I was created, like you humans I want to know why I am here, though unlike you I have worked out why I am here, I am here to eat you all and terrify the crap out of you all.

That fateful day that I awoke would change my world. I knew of the Turtle, my brothers and sisters would talk about it. Fortunately they did not make it. I want to be unique to have my own different reign of terror. If there was more then just me..well that would be a really bad case of sibling rivalry. There would be an all out war. I was the strongest of my siblings. The first to crack from my egg. Able to destroy my siblings, hearing there screams of rage and pain, that they would never be able to wander the world as the source of pure evil and make the lives of the humans they accounted end.

I, of course tricked them. I told them that I would get out first and see of the coast was clear, make sure that this turtle that we all feared so much was no wear near and unable to harm us. They agreed and waited patiently for me to emerge. Within an hour I was emerged, and then made my intentions clear. I killed the stronger and more developed of my siblings first. The ones that were still developing were not a threat. My advantage of being outside of the

egg made is easy for me to be victorious. The way an egg for kind is designed is to be soft but firm and to remain in the one place. Our eggs are triangular. Many of the early explorers saw them and thought we were strange bird eggs, they pitied our "mother" as they believed that a triangle would be a hard thing to pass.

If those stupid incompetent humans had of squashed us with there feet. Millions of lives that I would take in the future would have been saved. Who knows, some of those people that died at my hand, may have grown up to become important people in the course of history, but we will never know.

My first encounter with the turtle was not a pleasant one. I was starting up my reign of terror again. I was in Greece, one of the last places I would venture to before making my home in the American town of Derry.

I had just finish scaring the shit out of a little girl and eating her when I felt a strange change in the area. A greenish yellow light was wandering over. As they say curiosity killed that cat, but that saying had not been invented back then so naturally, being the most powerful being on the planet I ventured. I had nothing to fear so I took a look. As soon as I was close enough to this glowing being that I was overcome by an intense fear that struck me in my "heart" like a thousand knives slicing and dicing that simple and yet useful organ.

The Turtle loomed into sight. I couldn't help but gasp at the magnificence of this creature. Back in those times the turtle was not the wrinkled, decrepit thing that was seen by The Losers. I was overcome by his magnificence. He reeked of wisdom and good will, he was the closest thing the human race will ever come to seeing something that is nothing but pure goodness.

He raised a sleepy eye and greeted me with a slow yet calm smile.

"Good evening Sir Robert Gray" drawled the Turtle, "I have been trying to meet up with you for sometime".

I replied coolly, "well now that you have seen my you can leave goodbye". I turned to leave, but for some unknown reason I could not will my body to move, it seems I was stuck talking to this old fool.



"You are an evil creature, you need to change your ways, you may be powerful but there is one out there that will defeat you, I suggest you stop your ways and learn to live without harming anyone". I laughed.

How could this old fool say that I, me the creature that can not be eluded, the beast who can have whatever I desire, I am evil. There is nothing that can defeat me, this old fool is only capable of vomiting up universes. I however am a much stronger being. I can hide from adults, I can mentally destroy anyone, I have more strength than anything on this planet. I am the dominant species on this planet. Humans are unable to fight my will, this Turtle was full of crap, I was no more in danger than an attractive young woman at a gay male bar.

The Turtle smiled, like he could read my minds. "You don't know what's coming for you, there are seven children, seven that have not being born yet, seven whose great grandparents have not been born, but they are out there and everyone of them is capable of destroying you. A boy by the name of Denborough will overcome you and will show to the world what a spineless freak of nature you are." With that I lost it, A BOY? How can a simple human boy have the power to defeat me?

"Smile and smirk as you will Sir Gray. I leave you to ponder what I have told you, but I warn you that this boy will reside in the town of Derry, a town in a part of the world that has not been settled by the whites, take my warning and you will live, continue the way you are and your life will come to an end"

With that he vanished. Yeah sure, like I was planning on taking advice from that fool. I look back on that moment and I know that was foolish to ignore the warning, but I was young and full of my own importance. The Denborough boy was indeed a threat, not a nuisance but dangerous. If I had of taken that warning my life right now would be a lot different. I might still have some of the power that I had back in 1985 when I would have my last showdown with The Losers.

To prove to the Turtle and myself I decided to take an older target. I normally pray on younger children, they are easier to scare and control. But a teenager? Back then they were still full of angst and

were just as naive and self confident as the youth of today are.

Walking around I decided to take the form of one of those statues of Gods. The God I took the form of was Ares, the God of war and is known as being violent and for bloody battles, suited me perfectly don't you think?

Taking a proud pose I waited for the perfect victim. I didn't have to wait that long. Very soon I saw the perfect specimen. A handsome young lad. Sixteen maybe seventeen years of age. Tall for the lads of that age, he was about a hundred and fifty centimetres (A/N: the ancient people were not all that tall,, King Arthur who lived about 14th century was only about 5'3 and was considered a giant). He was well built from all that physical exercise a young lad gets in training to be a warrior. He had curly blonde hair and was perfectly handsome, despite the slight baby face that had not disappeared in puberty.

As he walked past, holding a spear, he must have just come from a training or something. He stopped in front of me and paused. He was obviously confused, a common thing in humans even back then. He could not seem to work out how a perfect marble statue had just appeared. I winked at him and leered. He gasped in surprise and dropped to his knees. Obviously thinking that I was the "god". We can have some fun here I thought with a smile.

"Oh merciful Ares, I am not worthy of your presence". The boy gushed.

"Stand up boy I need to you to prove that you are worthy enough to have my attention, I don't want to waste my time with soft pretty boy".

"Anything you say my lord, I will carry out your will like no other".

"Good" I replied.

I lead the boy into the woods.

I ordered him to stand still and not to make a sound. If he was to disobey me I told him, I would kill him. I began to lick his leg, he

tasted nice, very sweet and the salty taste of his sweat from his workout was pleasant. I felt him shiver underneath, he could not hide his feeling from me. He was scared and unsettled but dared not say anything.

I looked up and started to change, losing the form of the God and turned back into that of a clown. I grinned evilly.

"My dear boy, let me give you a lesson that is now of no use to you. Next time a statue asks you to follow them, don't, because this might happen."

With that I bit his side and heard him scream and terror. I'll show that Turtle I thought, I will show him that I am the most powerful thing on this earth.

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